

Clifford T. Ward, Contrary

You are consistent, I am lackaday

You are sufficient, I'm in disarray

You give me pleasure, I bring you heartache

You give me light when all is dark and lonely

You're my concession, I am contrary.

You are exception, I am more the rule

You are discretion, I am more the fool

You show me patience, I take advantage

An' leave you lost an' on your own an' lonely

You are forever, I'll come crashin' down.

INSTRUMENTAL

You throw me line when I'm clutchin' straws and

You lift me up when I am down an' lonely

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(and fade).